

The San Francisco Call

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A CRITICISM OF STATE UNIVERSITIES

PRESIDENT HADLEY of Yale in a recent address to the alumni of that university at Cincinnati had some sharp words for the state universities of the west. This is the customary attitude of the down east college don, an attitude of supercilious patronage and scarcely disguised contempt for the institutions that they like to class as "fresh water colleges."

We do not want the republic of letters to be organized too sharply on state lines. We need to have places where the best men from different parts of the country can see each other and know each other, can talk together and play together, and can form a coherent public sentiment which shall prevent the possibility of that disruption in thought which alone creates the danger of political disruption.

All this is very odd and, at the same time, suggestive. The attempt to "localize learning" must prove disastrous—that is the assumption. The basis of Dr. Hadley's queer theory is that the big eastern universities have more money and more important traditions.

Indeed, we should like some explanation of the phrase that comes so trippingly off Dr. Hadley's tongue. Does learning, peradventure, take on some of that "local color" beloved of the novelist? Is there, for example, a western learning as distinct from the eastern store of knowledge? Yet, at the risk of creating some wild and woolly western variety of the law of gravity or some strange geographical offspring of the binomial theorem, we shall insist on keeping up our home schools of higher education.

THEY SEE THE BAND WAGON

ALREADY there is competition for the title of "the original Hughes man." The early politician catches the band wagon. Apparently there is already some such means of political transportation, and some of the boys are getting aboard in a hurry. So we find the Lafayette republican club of Brooklyn, N. Y., adopting resolutions that are meant to be "ringing" and doubtless would be so if they did not start with an apology.

We know nothing whatever of the standing of the Lafayette club beyond the internal evidence supplied by these resolutions, which bear signs that they were drafted by somebody educated in the approved political manner. Indeed, the generally slavish tone and the respectful reference to Tim Woodruff in the resolutions indicate the status of the proponents, as Woodruff is a professional politician.

"FRAUD ORDER" A SLIPSHOD DEVICE

THE "fraud order" of the postoffice department is a remarkable evolution in methods of government, but it is at the same time entirely characteristic of the Anglo-Saxon spirit of compromise. Former Postmaster General Cortelyou defends the system in the North American Review and explains its working, but he does not point out that it has become necessary, owing to the failure of the states to deal with a certain class of swindlers who live by their wits.

It has been found in practice virtually impossible to obtain convictions in the state courts for obtaining money or property under false pretenses, and the postoffice "fraud order" was devised to fill the gap by a short and easy process. It does not aim at positive punishment, but usually proves effective to block the swindling game by forbidding its promoters the use of the mails.

Make Peace, Messrs. Calhoun and Cornelius—Make It Now

DEMAND for peace, like a motion to adjourn, is always in order. While the combatants are alive it is never too late—or too soon—to quit fighting. At this juncture, when a day of comparative quiet has followed a day of disgraceful rioting, wanton violation of the law and inexcusable bloodshed, the Call once more demands of the United Railroads and its striking employes that they listen to reason.

The fact that San Francisco is practically without a municipal government puts the duty the more strongly upon all citizens, whether they hire or are hired, to obey the law, to work together for the salvation of a city that needs it today more than any other city in the world. On Tuesday, when the test of efficiency came, civic authority failed utterly and shamefully.

You are not so very far apart, Mr. Calhoun and Mr. Cornelius. Stop fighting for a moment. Listen to the citizens who are pleading for peace. Let them show you the middle ground where you can meet. Your differences are not material. For a few cents an hour, for a few minutes of time, are you willing to plunge nearly half a million people into acute suffering?

Do you, Mr. Calhoun and Mr. Cornelius, want soldiers to run San Francisco—do you want the surgery of the saber and the remedy of the rifle to cure this sickness of the body politic? Martial law is the final resort. It is only a very little to be preferred to the state of uncontrollable insurrection which invites it and makes it necessary.

Get together, Mr. Calhoun and Mr. Cornelius. If you and the men and the money you stand for paid the price alone the public might afford to let you fight it out. But it is the public that pays—pays in hardship, in dwindling business, in weariness, in poverty, in pain and in privation.

Make peace, Mr. Calhoun and Mr. Cornelius—make it now, and keep it permanently.

legal method, quite foreign to the plan of the national constitution, besides being an invasion of state functions. It places arbitrary power in the hands of a postoffice functionary acting on the secret report of an inspector. Of course, the courts can and sometimes do review such orders, but the process is slow, expensive and painful.

A PURELY SELFISH PROGRAM

THE San Diego Union, in an interesting article, exposes the animus of the movement for state division. It is simply a selfish, sectional scheme in the interest of a single California county. The Union goes on to explain in these words:

The new state, if one were created, might be called the "State of Southern California"; practically it would be the "State of Los Angeles." The county of that name, with its overwhelming preponderance of population, would completely dominate the new state politically.

Other counties south of Tehachapi will hardly care to be made a tail to the Los Angeles kite, all the more because they would have to bear the burden of supporting a state government and creating the necessary public buildings without help from the great and fertile region north of the pass.

Personal Mention

E. V. Smith is at the Palace.
J. A. Barker of Biddford, Me., is at the Dorchester.
F. R. Scouten, a Seattle merchant, is at the Jefferson.
W. Springer of Hamburg, Germany, is at the Majestic.
A. D. Childress, a banker of Los Angeles, is at the Savoy.
G. R. Tennant, a well known business man of Seattle, is at the Majestic.
Alvin Heinrich, a son of a wealthy brewer of Seattle, is at the Savoy.
Senator and Mrs. C. M. Belshaw of Antioch are registered at the St. Francis.
Dr. A. Cobb of Honolulu is at the Jefferson and will leave shortly for the coast.
L. L. Finnegan, a mining man of Carson, Nev., is with his wife at the Jefferson.
Former Senator P. L. Flanagan of Reno has been called to San Francisco by the illness of his wife. He is at the Jefferson.
Count de Kergorlag and Viscount de Montclair of Paris are at the Fairmont.
A. P. Rogers, who has extensive interests in Los Angeles, is registered at the Majestic.
E. H. Taylor of the United States geological survey is registered from Nevada at the St. Francis.
F. B. Hunter, who is interested in the installation of the water works at Monterey, is at the St. Francis.
A party of travelers from Cincinnati, Ohio, at the St. Francis include Mr. and Mrs. James M. Bullock and maid, Mrs. A. D. Bullock and maid, Miss Margaret Bullock, Anthony Bullock and Miss Percy.
Consul J. J. Brittain of Kehl reports that Joseph Restucco, a mechanical engineer of the Royal-Italian Marine, has recently invented a new diving machine, which has proved a success in experimental tests made with it in deep-sea diving.

State Press on the San Francisco Boodlers

CONCERNING the graft exposures in San Francisco, it should be recalled and kept always in mind that the present shocking condition of affairs at the Golden Gate is largely chargeable to William Randolph Hearst and his abominable Examiner, which encouraged these villain and which fought and abused every honest man who opposed them or their purposes.

Those self-confessed criminals of San Francisco called supervisors have not yet reached the limit of confession and restitution. Judas returned the money and then hanged himself.—Newman Index.
No wonder the telephone girls in San Francisco struck for a raise when they learned Ruef was drawing \$1,500 a month for doing nothing.

Harriman is at this moment supporting the men who are corrupting the politics of the state of California. Other benches of his are debauching other states. His overthrow would be their downfall. And that is a consummation so much to be desired that we can afford to overlook the little lack of good taste in the presidential election if it may incidentally demolish Harriman. It won't hurt Roosevelt. He has made much worse breaks before, with the evidence much less strong in his favor, and come out unscathed.—Fresno Republican.

Louis Glass, formerly of Santa Cruz, now of San Francisco, and standing under nine indictments, is living in a glass house, but not without a Ruef over him.—Santa Cruz Sentinel.

In San Francisco Ruef is caving in; the testimony of Glass has been shattered; Drum is beaten and Gallagher has let everything go—so what are you going to do about it?—San Jose Times.

What the State Papers Say of The Call's Great Beat

The publication in The San Francisco Call of the morning of the full text of the confessions of the boodling supervisors has created a sensation in this city. The sensation created by this publication is greater than when the confessions were first made public, because there are a number of things in the confessions in full that were not given out with the abridged accounts.

The San Francisco Call says no more interesting human document was ever published in San Francisco than the literal report printed in that paper of the testimony before the grand jury upon which most of the pending graft indictments were returned.

"What's this?" asked H. L. Metcalf, chief clerk of the operating department of the Southern Pacific, of a small, smudgy faced boy as the latter thrust under his nose a telegraph blank covered with strange hieroglyphics.
"Them's our demands," replied the boy, as he started to leave the room. Stopping at the door, he added: "You had better get busy and read them, as we don't intend to have no conferences as the other guys are a doin'."

The demands were as follows:
"Yo, the undersigned, wants to let you know that if Harriman don't come up with a \$5 raise by 12 o'clock tomorrow WE STRIKE."

The last two words were in capitals and then followed the signatures of the six boys who take telegrams from the telegraph room to the heads of the various departments.
The young gentlemen who, for the sum of \$25 a month carry the telegrams, are determined to bring Harriman to time. One of them, acting as spokesman, said:

The Smart Set

Mrs. M. A. Rapken and Miss Sadie Rapken, wife and daughter of ex-Councilor M. A. Rapken of Australia, arrived on the steamship Sonoma yesterday and will reside in their new home at 3411 Sutter Street.
Miss Helyn Chureley of Portland, Ore., is here on a visit to her sister, Mrs. Charles A. Eastman, at 1423 Washington Street. During her stay, which will last about a month, she will be entertained extensively.
Mrs. Winford W. Sargeant of Los Angeles is visiting her brother, Dr. Emmett Sargeant.
Lieutenant Clarence D. Connor, U. S. A., will soon go before the examination board at the Presidio for promotion to a captaincy.
Captain Campbell I. Babcock, who has been at the Presidio hospital for a month, has recovered and will leave on Monday for his home in Chicago, to remain there a month. On his return to this city he will assume his position as quartermaster of the transport Sherman.
Mrs. L. Therkelson and her family

Verses Current in the Nation's Press

IF PA WAS RUNNIN' THINGS
If pa was runnin' things you'd see some changes pretty quick;
The bills would not come in so fast and pay days would be thick;
He'd make the yellow Journals all let up on Harry Thaw
And stop their printin' pictures of his sister, wife and ma,
And if another Swettenham insulted us,
We'd blow him into kingdom come, if pa was runnin' things.

SELF-EVIDENT

The human race is still in its infancy.—Sir Oliver Lodge.
All the world's a nursery,
Echoing with childish glee,
Human speech is infant prattle;
Symbol of the race, a rattle.
Mark the infant Theodore,
In rough-riding pinafore,
Watch him boss his playmates 'round,
They don't like it, I'll be bound.
Theodore must have his way,
Or he will refuse to play;
He must always be the boss;
When he's not it makes him cross.

HE WENT TO SLEEP

Erastus Wilson Peters Brown, He was the sleepest man in town;
He wouldn't work, his neighbors tell,
Because he liked to sleep so well,
He'd sleep all night, and through the day
He'd yawn and stretch and sleep away;
(Yawns) "Can't work—fur—yew—to-day," said he,
"I've got-to—take-a-nap—yew—see."
And so he went to sleep.
He fell in love with Sallie Hall,
Or thought he did, and went to call.
He found her on the sofa, where
He sat himself with-utmost care.
(Yawns) "Now—Sallie," he began to say
In his old, lazy, sleepy way:
"—I—love—yew—and—er—er—er—"
And ere he'd really popped to her
He went to sleep.
Jim Fuller met him on the street,
And in a tone polite and sweet
Reminded him about a ten
He'd owed to him since "the land knows when."

Gossip of the Doings of Railroad Men

It is understood now that the transcontinental freight bureau will issue the new east and west bound tariffs on August 15. A point in connection with this issue is that, beginning August 15, there will be only two supplements effective at one time. There are at present in the neighborhood of sixty supplements to each east and west bound tariff, of which perhaps half are effective, entailing an enormous amount of work to ascertain the correct rating on any particular commodity.
The Southern Pacific and the San Pedro, Los Angeles and Salt Lake road will publish soon a rate of \$7 a ton in barrels or bulk on carloads, minimum weight 40,000 pounds, from Colorado common points to California terminals.
Bode K. Smith, traveling passenger agent of the Gould lines, has left on a business trip through the San Joaquin valley.
Dr. Alinsworth, chief surgeon of the Southern Pacific, has left for Santa Barbara.
Carleton C. Crane, who attends to the passenger end of the New York Central lines in this city, is in Los Angeles.